

Scrape Away the Memories

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Scrape Away the Memories

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Raven experiences aftermath of a suicide.

Nighttime Thoughts

Like a ragdoll.

You never understand how fast a life can vanish until you watch it happen in front of your eyes.

I loved him so much.

Pauses feel so long now.

Everything feels broken up.

Divided.

I don't feel the same.

So much empty space.

I can't talk to anyone. They might hurt me. They'll break my heart again. I can't care for them. My brother heard what happened, and he understands. He's the only one that fucking understands.

No he isn't. I'm not the only one that's lost somebody. I'm just self centered and scared.

I'm scared. I don't know what to do. I've lost everything.

No I haven't. I have my brother. I have my piano. I have my blankets. I have my mattress. My darkness. My thoughts. My head.

I don't want to lose my head. I feel like I am. I feel like I'm slipping. Snapping. I'm losing my fucking mind.

The Forest

Walks are relaxing. Helps to take your mind off things. The trees, the birds, the flowers...it's all pretty and distracting.

Just enjoy the distractions.

I take a seat on a bench along the trail for a moment. The breeze, colder than my cold blue eyes, pushes back my long, black hair. I run my arms through it for a moment. I cross my warm, sweatpants covered legs. I sigh.

This sweater was really soft and comfortable. I don't like wearing it, because I don't want to ruin my clothes, but what else are clothes for? You can like something so much that you're scared to use it for its intended purpose.

I lick my lips. They're very dry. I'm very dry, too.

Nothing is happening. Nothing is happening. What is the point of all of this?

Shut up, Jayden. You're still young. You're not even eighteen yet. Get your shit together, you'll find your soulmate. One bad apple shouldn't mean all the rest are rotten too.

One of my hinges falls off from my glasses. Damnit. I need to just buy some contacts at this point. How the fuck can glasses these expensive be so shitty?

I grab the lens, take my glasses off, and pull out the multi tool I own. Flathead, knife, tweezers... all useless to me. Ah, there. I start to use my screwdriver to tighten the hinge back, until I look up after hearing someone walking on the trail.

Huh? It looks just like him. Someone standing over me. I quickly finish up fixing my glasses, and slip them on. The resemblance was definitely there. That long brown hair, and those heart melting hazel eyes.

"I was just going to ask if you needed any help." He asked, politely.

I almost spoke.

I should speak.

Can I speak?

I simply nodded my head no.

"Okay..." He said awkwardly, before walking away.

"I like your shirt." I said. He turned to face me. It was a shirt with one of my favorite bands on it.

"Thanks. I like your glasses." He said.

I paused.

"Wanna go on a date?" I asked.

Scrape, Scrape, Scrape Away

It had been a day since then. We were eating and talking at the table in my house, late at night. He was laughing. We were smiling. I loved him, and he loved me. That's why I came prepared. I told him that I was going to my bedroom for a moment.

He was so cute. Funny. Smart. Interesting. Nice, kind, sweet, caring. We shared a lot of the same interests. I could be with him forever.

I grabbed some ropes and tape out of my closet, along with a pocket knife in my purse. I attached a muffler to the gun from the day my old lover left me forever.

I heard something fall to the floor downstairs. The drug I slipped into his drink presumably worked. I dragged his unconscious body up the stairs, tied up his wrists and ankles, along with his neck and chest, put some tape over his mouth, and waited.

He tried to scream first. I had been waiting in the room, scrolling through my phone. I shut it off, and rolled my eyes.

"You're not going to seduce me again like him." I said.

The desperation was already clear in his eyes. I flicked on the pocket knife.

"You're not taking yourself from me. I'm going to take you myself." I stated.

He thrashed around in the ropes, just choking himself more and more on the rope around his neck.

"Shhh, shhhh. Just a few cuts, and then it'll be over soon." I whispered to him, caressing his hair and face.

I stared into his eyes. I kept staring. I wish I could see his lips. I wish I could kiss him.

I gently glided the metal across his soft, delicate skin. Harder. Harder. The ruby red blood trickled out. His screams kept getting louder. I glazed the blood with a single finger, and looked at it closely.

What have I become?

I held the gun to his head.

"Scream, and I shoot. Don't, and you live." I lied.

I removed the tape, and kissed him.

My lips were still dry. I weaved my tongue into his. My saliva dripped into his mouth. His hard, quick breaths against my face. I felt his heartbeat pulsing so quickly. I felt his warm, shaking body so confused. Against all of this, he was passionate.

"God, you're a kinky bitch." He uttered in between kisses.

I laughed a little. Keep enjoying your innocence, you fucking tease. I reapplied the tape.

I cut him harder. Deeper. I licked the blood this time. His anxiety filled lust turned back to anxiety.

I smiled.

“Now you fucking know how it feels. Having that stripped away from you.”

I aimed the gun at his heart.

I pulled the trigger.

Cleanup Time

Blood soaked my mattress. I was planning on buying a new one anyway to help fight insomnia.

I threw him into a body bag, along with the mattress. I washed my hands. I threw the body bag into my car. I drove the car through the forest. I grabbed a shovel, and dug a spot, deep, where nobody would find it.

I quickly drove to pick up a mattress, and then dropped it off at my house like nothing happened. Not much time had passed, surprisingly. Just a few hours. The digging took up the most time.

That did nothing for me. I don't feel any better.

I could have been with him. I was just too scared. I'm just scared of the future. I'm losing my sense of human connection. The only one I have left is...oh, shit.

I quickly drove back to the woods to pick up my brother. I almost forgot. I found him and Noah asleep at the entrance. After everyone said their goodbyes, we got into my car.

"How'd your date go?" He texted me. It was easier to text, seeing as I never speak out loud anymore...besides to people I kill, apparently.

"I'll never see him again lol" I texted back.

"Damn" He replied.

"Yours?" I asked.

"Good ty" He replied.

I smiled. At least he could be happy.

"I love you"

"I love you too"

At least we had each other.

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